

CHARIVARIA.

MANY schools are now raising funds with the object of presenting Captain Scott with sleighs and dogs for his South Pole Expedition. The sleighs and dogs, it is announced, will be named after the schools. In view of the fact that some explorers look upon their dogs as emergency rations, it is to be hoped that the little chap who may be named "Eton" will not be superstitious. ***

It seems somewhat curious that, scarcely had it been intimated that the KING objected strongly to the importunities of staring throngs at Brighton, when it was announced that His Majesty's grandsons, Prince ALBERT and Prince HENRY of Wales, are to go to Broadstairs. It is, we suppose, with a view to hardening them against what they may have to put up with later on. ***

A Royal Warrant has been issued for the safeguarding of Baronets' titles. We should have thought that the case of the Peers was more urgent. ***

Lord ROSEBERY, at the dinner in honour of Mr. HAROLD COX, proposed that a new party should be organised from the Silent Vote. As the Irishman said, "The Silent Voter must make his Voice heard." ***

The Life of John Redmond, M.P., is announced. This will be asking for shortly. ***

The proprietors of *Books of To-day* are offering a prize for the best essay on "Should Genius Wash?" In connection with this vexed question we understand that a high authority at Carmelite House is now of the opinion that journalists, at any rate, should have nothing to do with Soap. ***

Since the last session the interior of the House of Commons has been thoroughly cleansed and generally beautified and brightened. The knowledge of this made the fate of the rejected Candidates harder than ever to bear. ***

The fact that a soldier has met with

injuries while walking in his sleep has caused a general feeling of uneasiness in the War Office. ***

Sir DAVID GILL declares that Halley's Comet is incapable of exercising any political influence. Still there are other heavenly bodies on the side of the Government. There is always Mr. BELLOC. ***

One hears so often that British Enter-

tinguished brigand is peculiarly liable, but his iron constitution enables him to survive what would prove fatal to the average man. ***

We are happy to be able to contradict the rumour that when, in the recent election for a Primate of Australia, the Archbishop of SYDNEY and the Archbishop of BRISBANE tied, the prelates decided the matter by tossing. ***

What is wrong with the law of Supply and Demand? In spite of the recent surfeit of wet, the Water Board is talking of raising the rate. ***

The Association of Short-hand Writers and Typists discussed last week the question of what typists should eat for lunch. Curiously enough no one suggested type and onions. ***

Said a policeman of a prisoner at Kingston last week:—"He is a clever mechanic who has invented a fog-signalling apparatus and also a special van brake, but neither of them seemed to catch on." We are not mechanical ourselves, but we should say that a brake which would not catch on was almost doomed to failure from its birth. ***

"It often occurs," says Monsieur RODIN in *La Revue*, "that the uglier a being is in Nature, the more beautiful he is in Art." It is astonishing, however, how many artists, in spite of admirable material, are producing the most regrettable portraits. ***

The Entente continues to make enormous strides, and it seems that it may go too far. For example, in the souvenir of the National Loan Exhibition Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE is described as belonging to the French School. ***

A dear old lady, on hearing that rubber shares were now in great demand, said that she supposed they were more durable than the usual sort. ***

Motto for a speculator who wishes to treble his capital:—

RUBBER ET AES TRIPLEX.



prise is dead that it is pleasant to be able to adduce evidence to the contrary. We understand that as a sequel to the report that MULAI HAFID, the Sultan of Morocco, in a fit of anger tore up the agreement with France when presented to him the other day, a British firm has drawn the attention of the French Government to their indestructible rag-books. ***

We are glad to hear that RAISULI is once more recovering from his death. This is an ailment to which the dis-

A FABLE OF THE CRISIS.

"There was a young lady of Riga."
Old Limerick.

[Efforts have been made by some of the Liberal Press to put a gloss upon the luncheon given last week to Mr. JOHN REDMOND and other Nationalists by the CHANCELLOR at his official residence. *The Daily Chronicle* expresses a doubt as to whether "he saw the Irish leaders on that occasion at all," while *The Westminster Gazette* speaks of Mr. REDMOND as having "waited on" the author of the Budget.]

THERE IS A LEGEND, FREELY SUNG
Where Limerick harpers sit at mess,
About a Lady, sadly young,
And Riga was her home address.

Great nerve she had and knew the game
Of handling large and savage brutes;
Even the Tiger, turning tame,
Would wait on her and lick her boots.

(These cats, you say, affect the East,
And Riga sounds too cold by far?
I know; but this peculiar beast
Was not as other tigers are.)

One day, when lunching off the grill,
She tosed him many a tasty snack,
And not a hitch occurred until
She started riding on his back.

In what direction went the twain;
Whether the brute obeyed her whim,
Or, feeling shaky, she was faint
To leave the choice of route to him;

Whether he galloped lithely and gay,
Or trickled at a funeral trot,
I should not hesitate to say
Were I aware, but I am not.

One thing is certain: human sight
Failed at the rest, but this is known—
That, when the Tiger, late at night,
Came padding back, he came alone;

Alone, that is, to outward view,
But purring softly all the while,
His tummy big enough for two,
And on his face a fat, fat smile.

O. S.

The Journalistic Touch.

"When Big Ben boomed out the hour of two this afternoon, the House of Commons resembled nothing so much as a swarm of Gargantuan bees."—*Bristol Times.*

Surely the writer is in error. We can think of several things which the House resembled much more closely.

"The large grey hat of Mr. John Ward was ornamenting the cross-benches, and many prominent politicians found accommodation there."—*Evening News.*

Impromptu lyric:—

There was an M.P. with a hat
Which was grey, and a large one
at that;
Two Rads and a Tory
And SAMUEL STOREY.
They all found a seat in this hat.

HINTS TO PARLIAMENTARY FRESHMEN.

[This guide is intended for the sole and exclusive use of those gentlemen who, much to their own amusement and surprise, find themselves now for the first time Members of the House of Commons. The public at large is forbidden to read it, as the matter contained is of a particularly private and confidential nature. . . . Printed and Published by Authority. Whose authority? Ah!]

I.—GENERAL INFORMATION.

THE nearest underground station to Westminster is Westminster.

You should see that your letters are addressed to "House of Commons, Opposite Underground Station," and not to "Near Pimlico."

The large building opposite the Houses of Parliament is St. Thomas's Hospital. The large building opposite St. Thomas's Hospital is the Houses of Parliament.

The seat you secure on the first day will be yours for the Session. There are no early doors and it is not permissible to have your place in the queue or your seat in the House reserved for you by a messenger boy, unless he be a duly elected Member of Parliament.

Of the six hundred and seventy recent elections your own has been by far the most important and the most to be talked about. Do not be led to think otherwise by the concited remarks of other Members.

If you have been committing burglaries on the strength of the M.P.'s privilege of freedom from arrest for forty days before and after the meeting of Parliament, you will be disappointed to learn that that privilege does not extend to indictable offences.

It is a tradition of the House that all Members know each other without an introduction. Of course, everybody else will know you, but you must also appear to know everybody else.

Thus, if you cannot avoid conversation with a mere Labour man, save your pride by regarding yourself as a philanthropist taking a kindly interest in the well-being of the lower classes.

Possibly your chief object in putting up for one of the best clubs in London was that you might be thrown into the society of Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON. We regret to have to announce that that gentleman has decided to sever his connection with the House. It is said that in coming to this decision he was largely influenced by the expressed opinion of his electorate.

II.—PARTICULAR INFORMATION.**(1) For Members of the Majority.**

However much you dislike the food provided for you by the Kitchen Committee, your chief expects you to refrain from making any complaint. Remember that you have pledged yourself to oppose any attempt at Tariff Reform.

You are further expected to enter the House by the Free Tradesmen's entrance only.

Mr. ASQUITH solicits the favour of your vote on all divisions, but finds himself unable to fetch you to record your vote in a motor.

Remember that at critical moments of high policy Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has a great deal of complicated thinking to do. He must consider the interests of the Government as opposed to those of the Opposition; the interests of himself and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as opposed to those of the Government; the interests of himself as opposed to those of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Any remarks you may desire to make to him upon the structural merits or demerits of the House, its upholstery or heating apparatus, should be postponed.

In 1772 a Bill was rejected, thrown over the Table by the SPEAKER, and kicked out of the House by the Members, because it had been returned from the Lords with an amendment to a money clause. Be sure always to have a pair of football boots and an old suit ready to don at a moment's notice.

Temperance advocates among you will be glad to learn that there is no Off-licence and no Bottle and Jug Department attaching to the Bar of the House of Commons.

In demolishing the House of Lords, please be careful not to hurt the charwomen and other members of the staff, whom necessity, and not the inherent viciousness of aristocratic birth, brings upon the premises.

(2) For Nationalists only.

In making yourself comfortable in the quarters specially reserved for you at Westminster, do not forget that your main object in life is to cut yourself off from the place for ever.

"The Bishop of Bristol was the sole occupant of the Episcopal Bench. He, having said prayers, stayed for the event of the day. The other Lords just looked in, swore, and went out again."—*Irish Times.*

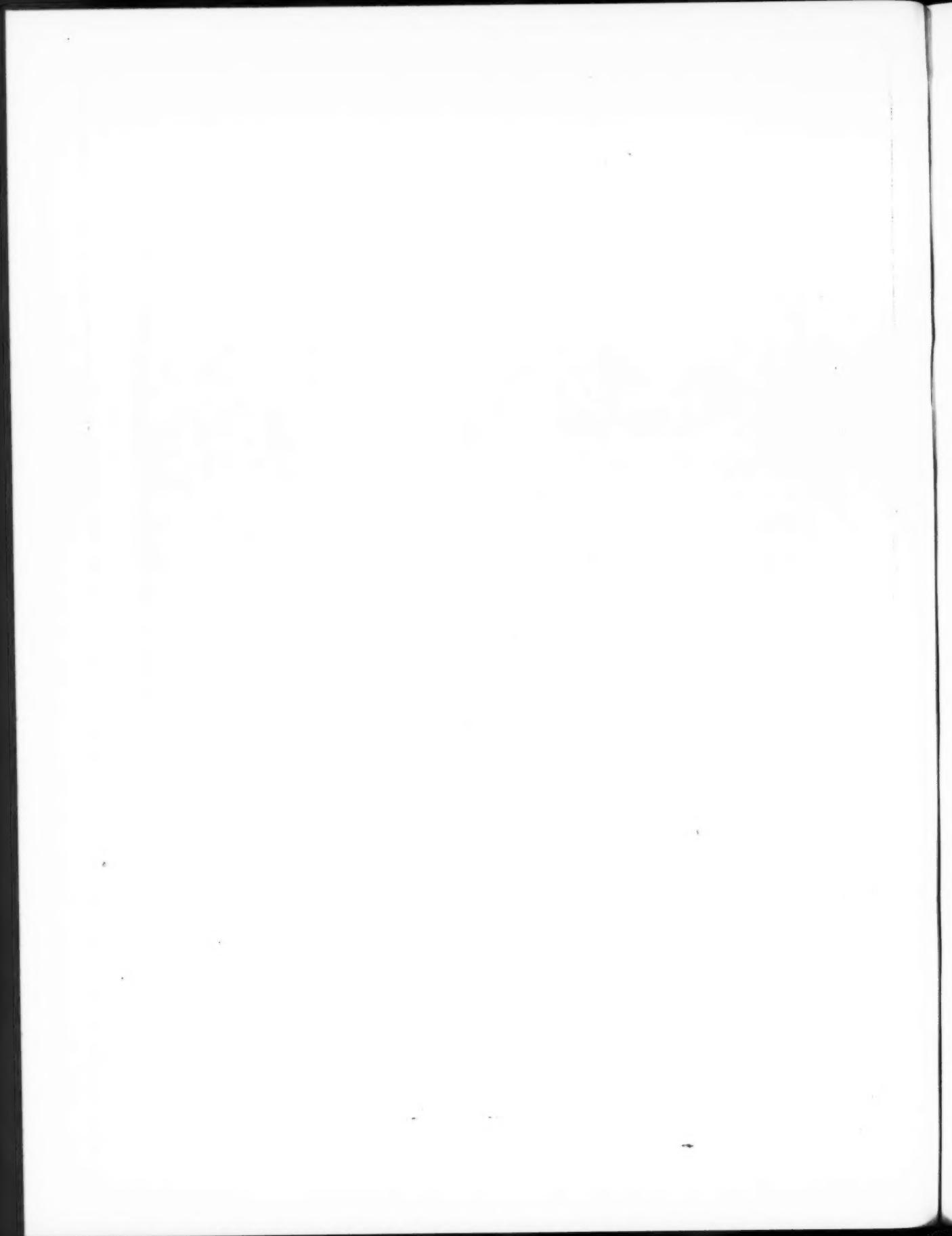
We think the Prelate should have made some protest.



"WHEN CONSTABULARY DUTY'S TO BE DONE."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*to the new Home Secretary*). "I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SETTLE DOWN NOW?"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "YES; BUT I SHANT FORGET YOU. IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN TROUBLE I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T GET YOU A REPRIEVE, FOR THE SAKE OF OLD TIMES!"





THE METCHNIKOFF MOVEMENT.

Grand-Uncle (to Nephew who has dutifully come to enquire after his health). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY BOY. NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE. YOU'VE JUST COME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT. WE'RE HAVING A SOUR MILKERS' AT HOME."

THE LIMIT.

[Another General Election within three months is anticipated in some quarters.]

NEVER a whine escaped me, not a whimper
Through all those weeks of weariness and fuss,
When every morning found the lyre grow limper,
As LLOYD said this and CHURCHILL laboured thus.
Who heeded songs meanwhile? What oats had Pegasus?

Here were the papers stripped of half their glory,
The subjects which delight the Muse and me;
What do we care for Liberal or for Tory
So we preserve a Press that's fancy free,
Ranging the whole wide world (through REUTER's agency)?

The sun was blotted out with facts and figures,
And through the darkness, desolate, opaque,
Perspiring rhetoricians toiled like niggers
As though some solid issue were at stake.
Poor innocents! And yet I neither moved nor spake.

And now, as when the last straw comes and smashes
The overburdened dromedary's spine,
They hint at more elections. Dust and ashes!
Am I to take this tyranny supine?
Is there no end to politics, no anodyne?

Must I again be numbered with the readers
Of awful economic rigmoroles?
Admire the spectacle of party leaders
For ever climbing up their slippery polls?
And hear the "Last Results" sound forth like funeral tolls?

If it be so, then, Ministers, take warning!
Ere I submit to that impendent pill,
Out I shall go (accomplices suborning)
And wreck the panes in Downing Street, and squall,
"No votes for anyone! No votes! No votes at all!"
EVOE.

Gloomy Outlook in U.S.A.

There are times when one despairs of the American's sense of humour—not his own humour, of course, but other people's. Here is *The Outlook*, of New York, whose "Contributory Editor" is no less a man than the great TEDDY himself, reprinting (without acknowledgment) a large slab of *Mr. Punch's* recent burlesque of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's Election Manifesto, under the impression that it has got hold of the original. If all British humour is to be taken like this, *au grand sérieux*, we can understand the cause of some of those misapprehensions which are popularly encouraged over there in regard to this admirable commodity. Fortunately *The New York Sun*, less because it loves *Punch* than because it has its own private quarrel with *The Outlook*, has exposed the latter organ of culture as having lifted, in ignorance of the nature of its swag, "the delightful imitation of Hewlettian precocity published by the London *Punch*." So we'll leave it at that.

The Murder in Cromwell Road.

Ethel (writing to friend).—"Poor Mabel, you know, is pretty rotten, getting over the 'flu.' I thought she might be dull, so I sent her my jig-saw, '*The Victory off Portsmouth*.' I just popped in a handful from '*The Finding of Moses*,' to make it more interesting."

MATTERS OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE.

[We greatly regret to announce that the mind of our Special Correspondent Behind the Scenes has become unhinged by the stress of recent events, and that he is evidently obsessed with the idea (among others) that *Punch* is a daily paper. At any rate, he has been sending us veracious reports each day from Downing Street of an extremely topical nature; reports which, when collected at the end of the week into volume form, necessarily lose much of their apparent veracity. Still, even so they seem to us to be at least as readable as the best efforts of rival correspondents.—*Ed. Punch.*]

Monday.—The situation has now become very tense.

The question of Budget or Veto first is still exercising the minds of Ministers to the exclusion of all other matters. At this moment, therefore, it may not be out of place to recall the words of Mr. ASQUITH at the Albert Hall, at the end of last year. Mr. ASQUITH said:—

“We shall not hold safeguards, neither shall we assume safeguards, until we have received the experience which Parliament shows to be necessary in the office of a single lifetime.”

Remembering these words, and the further pledge of the PRIME MINISTER to retrospective reimspectively all the taxes without a single comma as from this time forward, we have no hesitation in saying that the policy of the Government may be summed up in two words:—

BUDGETOE FIRST.

Tuesday.—Mr. ASQUITH had a busy day yesterday. His time-table was as follows:—

- 11.30 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 12.30 Audience of the KING.
- 3.30 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 5.0 Second audience of His MAJESTY.
- 6.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 7.0 Receives Mr. REDMOND.
- 8.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 9.0 Receives Mr. BARNES.
- 10.0 Meeting of the Cabinet.
- 11.0 Receives Mr. BELLOC.
- 12.0 Final meeting of the Cabinet.

One of the first to arrive at 10, Downing Street, was Mr. J. A. PEASE, the new Chancellor of the Duchy. He reports that the Duchy is looking extremely well after the recent rain, and says that he quite expects to like the life.

It is now generally agreed that the situation has lightened considerably, and attention is called pretty generally to the words of Mr. ASQUITH before the dissolution of the last Parliament. It may be as well to set them down here:

“We shall not assume experience neither shall the will of the elected safeguards prevail until we have shown Parliament the single office which a lifetime holds to be necessary.”

This is now taken to mean

VEEBIDGE FIRST.

Wednesday.—As we announced yesterday the policy of “VEDGEO FIRST, THEN TEEBIV” is rapidly gaining ground, and it is felt that unless Mr. ASQUITH is prepared to sacrifice his own inclinations to this end his hand may be forced. His own view of the situation was different, as will be remembered if we recall his famous declaration at the Albert Hall:—

“We shall not hold lifetimes, neither shall we experience lifetimes, until we have elected Parliaments within the limits of a single safeguard which necessity shows to be assumed.”

Yesterday's diary was as follows:—

- 12.0 Mr. ASQUITH receives Mr. PÉLISSIER.
- 1.30 Mr. W. O'BRIEN dissolves Parliament.
- 2.30 Mr. REDMOND receives Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR.
- 4.0 Mr. GARVIN dissolves Parliament.
- 5.30 Mr. BYLES receives Mr. BELLOC.
- 6.0 Mr. HAROLD COX dissolves Parliament.

(N.B.—*Cabinet Councils every half-hour. Refreshments provided.*)

TIDGEOV FIRST.

Thursday.—The situation has suddenly taken a startling turn. A brief synopsis of yesterday's happenings will best show the course which events are taking; but in view of the exceptional nature of the crisis it is well to restate first Mr. ASQUITH's pledge as given by him at the Albert Hall towards the end of 1909:—

“We shall not assume lifeguards, neither shall we hold lifeguards, until we have received those limits within the experience of a single safetime which Parliament shows to be elected.”

(*Cabinet Councils every three minutes. Season tickets must be shoun on demand.*)

- 10.0 Mr. REDMOND reaches Downing Street.
- 10.5 Mr. ASQUITH produces guarantees.
- 10.6 Mr. ASQUITH produces safeguards.
- 10.7 Mr. REDMOND leaves Downing Street.
- 11.0 Mr. REDMOND calls on Mr. O'CONNOR.
- 11.1 Mr. REDMOND shows safeguards to Mr. O'CONNOR.
- 11.2 Mr. REDMOND shows guarantees to Mr. O'CONNOR.
- 12.0 Mr. O'CONNOR calls on Mr. BARNES.
- 12.1 Mr. O'CONNOR shows guarantees to Mr. BARNES.
- 12.2 Mr. O'CONNOR shows safeguards to Mr. BARNES.
- 1.0 Mr. BYLES calls on Mr. BELLOC.
- 1.1 Mr. BARNES arrives.

- 1.2 Mr. BARNES shows guarantees to Mr. BYLES.
- 1.3 Mr. BARNES shows safeguards to Mr. BELLOC.
- 2.0 Messrs. REDMOND, O'CONNOR, BARNES, BYLES, BELLOC, and PÉLISSIER call on Mr. ASQUITH.
- 3.0 *Vedg-o First.*

Friday.—The situation is now at its tensest. All depends on Mr. CLAUDE HAY. Mr. HALDANE's pledge not to remain single within the lifetime of an elected Parliament is generally thought to have little bearing on the situation. Mr. HAROLD COX called on Mr. PÉLISSIER at an early hour yesterday. Mr. PÉLISSIER subsequently left for Paris. The Seine is reported to have risen again. The CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY declared war on Ireland at 3 p.m. and the Duchy's fleet sailed for Dublin. Mr. W. O'BRIEN called on Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to enquire after his new trouser-press. Lord ROBERTS called at Downing St. to inspect the Royal Safeguards (The Blues).

BUDGEO FIRST.

Saturday.—We are in a position to announce that a settlement has at length been arrived at, and that all the rumours of the past week may be dismissed as wholly unauthorised. By an arrangement come to between Messrs. ASQUITH, BALFOUR, REDMOND, BARNES, O'BRIEN, O'CONNOR, BYLES, BELLOC, HAY, PÉLISSIER, ALEXANDER and COX, the following sequence of events will be observed in Parliament next week:—

1. King's Speech.
2. Address.
3. Budgetoe.
4. Veebidge.
5. Todgebit.
6. Safeguards.
7. Chaos.
8. Vidgebodge.
9. Gobo.
10. Limits.

That this is the most satisfactory way out of the *impasse* will be generally admitted, even by the most violent partisan; it will be admitted also that Mr. ASQUITH has shown great tact in dealing with the situation. And now that the crisis has at last been overcome there will be many who will not fail to recall the memorable words of the PRIME MINISTER at the Albert Hall in the closing days of the old year:—

“We shall not guard safes, neither shall we assume small holdings without limiting side-shows within the experience of a single comma.” A. A. M.

From a lecture on the Irish drama:—

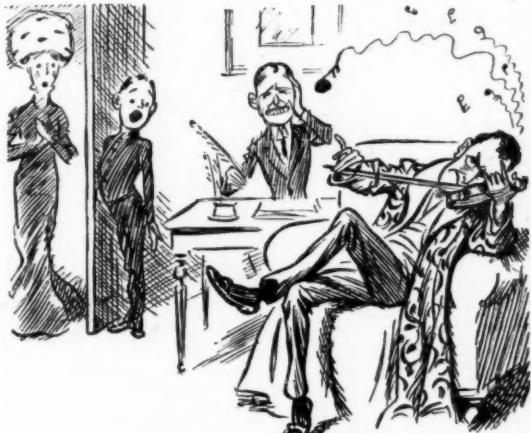
“Monarchy is really a painted wooden figure-head, which reached the zenith of its splendour centuries ago, and is now at its last gasp.”

Cork Constitution.

What a life!

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—V.—SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.



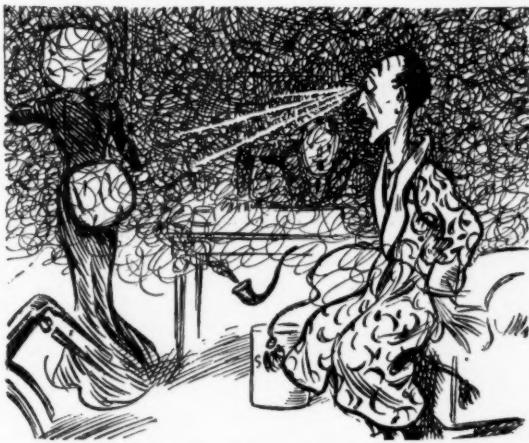
THE OLD ROOM IN BAKER STREET. ARRIVAL OF CLIENT.



LISTENING TO THE PROBLEM OF THE LOST ERMINÉ MUFF.



THE INTROSPECTIVE BRAIN AT WORK.



LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.



POOH! A VERY SIMPLE MATTER.



COLLAPSE!

LEWIS BAUER

REMARKABLE MARTIAN OBSERVATIONS.

[Whilst the British Press has been making special reference to Professor LOWELL's discovery of a new canal in Mars, it is remarkable that this extract from *The Martian Astronomical Times* has not been quoted by a single British paper.]

SUMMARY of Professor Zzchoote's special observations on the curious variations in colour of the One Moon Star.

At an early period in this year, careful observers noticed that the colours of the portion of the star under observation showed a tendency to alter. The strong red which was characteristic of the bulk of the area began to alternate violently with blue. The most plausible explanation of these colour-changes is that they are caused by violent ebullitions of gas. Advocates, however, of the interesting theory that the One Moon Star possesses inhabitants assert that the colourings are produced by human energy. Gradually the blue colouring covered a larger portion of the surface, though towards the north, near the polar cap, the red colouring seemed exceptionally persistent.

For the moment the changes appear to have ceased, and now the visible area of the One Moon Star is almost equally divided between red and blue, though on one side there is a patch of bright green colouring. According to the keenest observers, there has been a tendency on the part of the red gas to amalgamate with the green. It is quite possible, alleges Professor Zzchoote, that such a chemical combination may result in an awful explosion, which may separate entirely the area held by the green from that occupied by the other colours.

Amongst scientists who adopt the theory that the One Moon Star is inhabited opinion is divided as to the meaning of the colour-changes. One section argues that the red area, being situated nearer the polar cap, is the scene of the keenest struggle for existence, and that its inhabitants must therefore be more intelligent. Therefore they conclude that the encroachment of the blue on the red is a sign of a successful inroad by savage barbarians.

On the other hand, other scientists argue that the colder climate and constant rainfall of the northern area must be absolutely inimical to the growth of civilization. Hence any spread of the blue at the expense of the red indicates that the area of civilization is extending in the One Moon Star.

Professor Zzchoote, though declining to commit himself to any definite opinion on these points, declares that he anticipates more remarkable developments on the One Moon Star at an early date. It is impossible that the various floating

gases can continue in their present condition. Either a peaceful amalgamation or an explosion must take place.

He notes further that the curious groove on the surface of the One Moon Star, which has only appeared at intervals for the last fifteen years, is once more visible. It will be remembered that the Professor very happily named this groove "The Lonely Furrow."

THE DULNESS OF DOWNING STREET.

The extremely prosaic character (duly reported in the Press) of the scene in Downing Street on the arrival of Ministers to attend the recent series of Cabinet meetings, suggests that something might be done to reward the patience of the usual crowd by increasing the interest of these occasions. This could easily be done if Cabinet Ministers would use a little imagination, incidentally furnishing the Press with light material of the following order:—

Looking very fit in his smart running pants, the PRIME MINISTER, who had left Windsor four hours earlier and followed the Marathon route, was seen rounding the corner into Downing Street just as Big Ben was striking three. Great crowds cheered the fine sprint which terminated a splendidly-sustained effort.

At 3.5 the CHANCELLOR, who had come up after spending the week-end in Carnarvon, arrived over No. 10 in his well-known dirigible, "Belle of Blaenau Festiniog," and descending by parachute to the level of the street, passed through the man-hole, and so gained entrance to the Cabinet chamber.

The next familiar figure to be seen was that of Lord CREWE, who arrived in a wheelbarrow, propelled by another member of the doomed House.

The IRISH SECRETARY followed, amid loud cheers, in a well-equipped jaunting-car, followed by a taxi in which Mr. CHURCHILL figured at the driving-wheel. Interest deepened when it was observed that the chauffeur was seated inside.

"It occurred to me," remarked the ex-PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to a Kodak-operator, "that on the way here the man and I might very well make a labour exchange."

"Dr. Hinckley, who is well known from his astronomical observations, dwelt on the planet Mars."—*Meriden (Conn.) Record*.

There you are, that settles it. His reminiscences of how he fell into a canal when a small boy will be of extraordinary interest.

"Visitors are sometimes concerned about the spelling of the name of this station. 'Moulmein,' 'Moulnheim,' 'Moulmein' and, rarely, 'Moulmein.'"—*Rangoon Gazette*.

Of the four we prefer "Moulmein."

HOME ADVERTISING.

[“Mr. D. Stewart Dawson said he too owed his success to advertising. He could tell stories about advertising that would electrify them and induce each one of them to go home and advertise.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

REGGIE perused the above, and after a moment's quiet reflection went softly from the room and up stairs into his father's study. The study was the place where Reggie's father read the paper or gently slept when he was not busy at golf. Just now he was up to his neck in golf, so Reggie turned the key of the door, gathered together a bundle of newspapers and some large sheets of white paper, and set to work. By a piece of great good fortune there was red ink in the ink-pot marked "Red," besides a blue pencil and black ink, a dried-up paste-brush, and a small camel's-hair brush which his father kept for painting his throat when the golf had tried it too severely.

Parts of the advertisements he copied from the newspapers; parts were the creation of his own brain. They made a brave show when he had thoroughly pinned them to the backs of the books on the shelves. When Reggie's father, feeling very comfortable, entered his study after dinner, he suddenly stopped humming to himself, took the cigar from his mouth, and said he was—what we venture to hope he never will be. Here are some of the advertisements:—

WANTED A Air-gun like Mark Symmonds. Only 12s. and Sixpence and it would give me a lot of pleasure and plenty of people spend more than that on a day's golf and things like that. Apply REGGIE.

MOTHERS! Why alienate the affections of your Children by making them take Nasty Medicines? Try TREAKLYOIL, Cheaper and Better than Cod Liver Oil, Seuner Tea, Monyated Quinine, and the beastly medisin you gave me on Monday for being sick. (Up to a point this was copied from a newspaper.)

DOES YOUR HAIR FALL OUT? All Bald Men Should Read This! Put your Hair on Parade Every Morning, give it our Hair-Drill, and dont let it fall out of the ranks. Read our Testimonials: "Young recruits going strong."—MAJOR, R.A. "Father doesnt do your hair drill but it might do his hair good and I should like to watch him doing it I love soldiers.—REGGIE.

WANTED a Comfotable Home a long way away for a girl aged 10 years. Can look after dolls like anything but cant play cricket whatever she may state to the contriy. Reason for leaving she is a nuisance. Apply REGGIE.

All the Ancient Britons required for the pre-historic scene in the London Pageant are to be selected from Hackney.

In order to preserve the colour of the period, they will drive up in Hackney cabs, if sufficient examples of this ancient survival can be mustered.



MATERNAL CARES.

"DOLLY, DO YOU KNOW I AM SOMETIMES ALMOST ALMOST TEMPTED TO WISH YOU HAD NEVER BEEN BORN?"

THE UNIVERSAL CRITIC.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Northern Tribune* has been complaining that the reports of weddings are so much alike that they ought not to be printed *in extenso* at all. Perhaps he would prefer criticism. We offer two examples for him to choose from.

I. THE BLAND.

A successful and crowded wedding was held yesterday at St. Julien's Church, when Mr. Gabriel Santander and Miss Esther MacNiven were well married by the Rev. Aloysius Pond. The church had been decorated with skill and judgment, although possibly the note of red was a little too prominent.

The bride, who was supported by a very capable bevy of young ladies, wore a white satin dress, on which no pains had been spared, and the bridegroom charmed everyone by his manly bearing and the excellence of his frock coat. He spoke his lines with perfect enunciation, therein setting an example to the bride, who was not, we regret to say, distinctly audible in every part of the church, and

had she been a public speaker would no doubt have been adjudged to be more distinct. In a wedding, however, whether rightly or wrongly, it is agreed that these little defects may be overlooked.

The clergyman's sermon was a sterling if somewhat hackneyed effort; but, after all, what is there new to say? Save for two or three rather feeble passages here and there we have nothing but praise for the organist's rendering of the *Lohengrin* "Wedding March," while the quality of the confetti thrown at the happy couple seemed to us of the best.

II. THE EXACTING.

We have been present at many weddings in our time, but never at a more disappointing function than that which we saw yesterday at St. Peter's Church. To begin with, the bride was late, an unpardonable error—so late, indeed, that the bridegroom was only too patently fearful that something serious had happened, although why a man should fret at having his married life abbreviated we cannot understand. Then, when the lady did arrive, she was observed to be in a state of nervousness

highly unbecoming to herself and highly unflattering to her future husband. Her veil was awry, and, to add to her misfortunes, her clumsy fool of a father trod on her dress and tore it. The bridesmaids were an ordinary-looking lot, and whoever designed their costumes ought to know better.

The bridegroom did his best to carry off the ceremony with *éclat*, but he was in poor voice and his difficulties with the ring were unceasing. The bride was discovered to have no voice at all; but the easy-going clergyman was evidently satisfied with her whispers, for he pronounced them man and wife amid perfect silence on the part of the audience, and the event was over. We came away convinced that a few more rehearsals would have made a wonderful difference.

Lord ROSEBERY as reported in *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"I sometimes venture to winder in the audacious moment of solitude—and perhaps you will allow me to consider the present as one of those."

By all means.



"MY MOTHER'S A-GOING TO A WHIST-DRIVE TO-NIGHT."

"STUPID! SHE AIN'T A-GOING TO DRIVE, SHE'S A-GOING TO WASH UP."

"WHY, I THOUGHT ONLY TOFFS WENT TO THEM."

RUBBER.

ONCE I hated the post with its budget of ills,
And I hated the postman, the bearer of bills;
But now when he comes with his letters for me
I rush, yes, I rush to inspect them with glee.
They're as good as quinine for my spirits and health,
For they all of them speak of unlimited wealth
Which is waiting for me, like a cub for the cubber,
If I only invest all my money in Rubber.

It is found in all lands where an Englishman may go,
In Bolivia, Brazil, and in Tierra del Fuego;
In the isles of the wily Malay, and in Java,
In the depths of Peru, in the purlieus of Ava.
There's the Takitor-Leerit, the Bookitan-Catchit,
The Bongo, the Bingo, the Tapit, the Skratchit,
All names full of hope for the toiler and grubber
Who means to be rich by investing in Rubber.

Each morn with my letters I go to my lair,
And peruse every glowing prospectus with care.
They have all got their buildings, their trees and their labour,
And each gives a better report than its neighbour.
"Walk up and walk in and you'll all be content
With your twenty or thirty or forty per cent!"—
That's the sense I collect from the rub-a-dub-dubber
Whose drum sounds the rapturous glories of Rubber.

There's a proverb I heard as an innocent child
Which warns you of cats *feræ nat.* (when they're wild).

No matter; I'll scrape up a thousand or two
And invest them in trees in Brazil or Peru.
To neglect such a chance is the part of a dunce;
I intend to be rich, and I'll be it at once;
For my trees, as a whale makes you rich with his blubber,
Shall provide me with millions by yielding their Rubber.

What happened to Hobbs.

"After the kick out Spitty, the outside wing man, got the leather
and passed in the centre to Hobbs, who kicked the ball over his
head, and came down and went into the net to the goalie's surprise."—
Bath Chronicle.

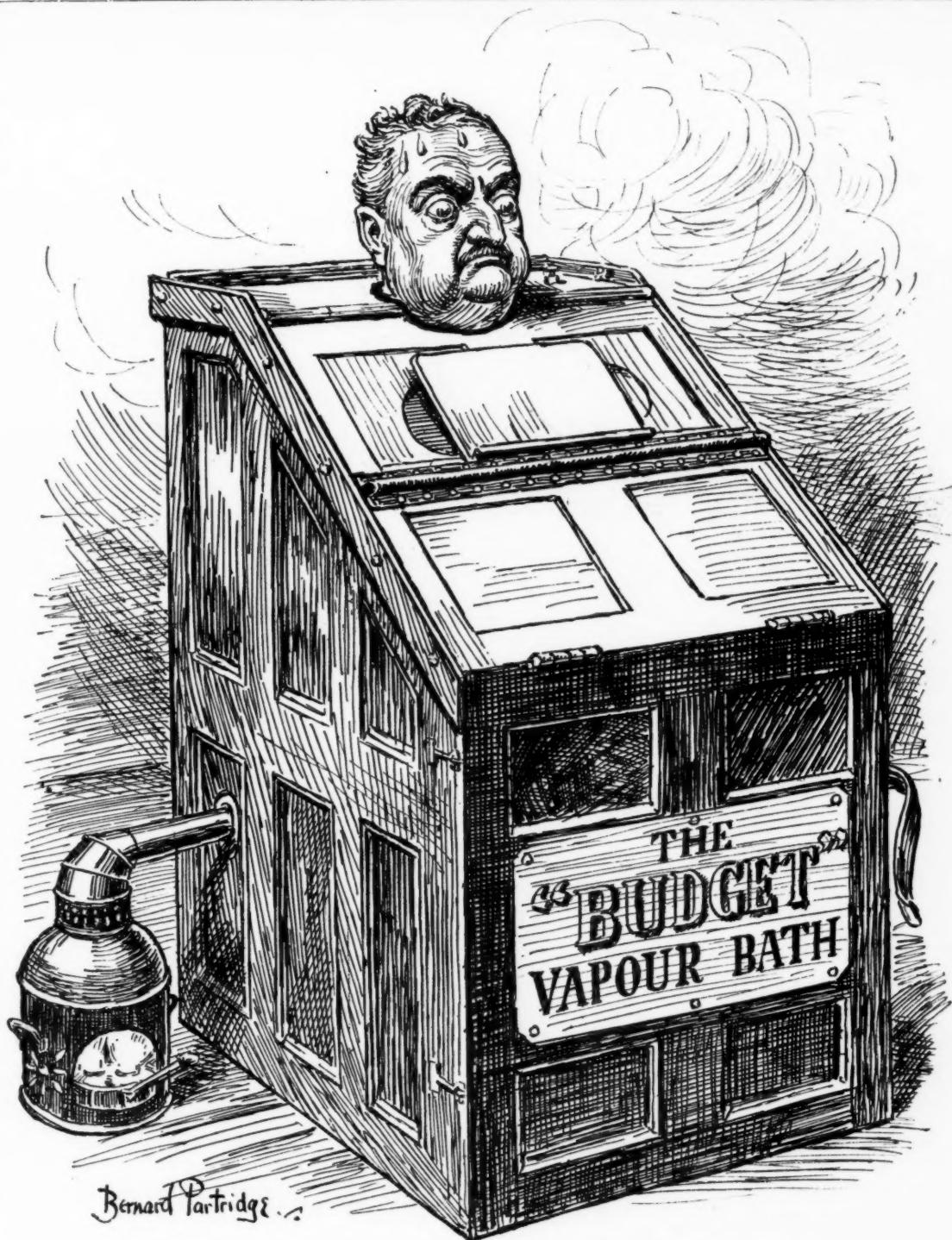
From the London Letter in *The Bath Herald*:

"All day Saturday and again yesterday visitors pressed into the
Spanish Room of the National Gallery to see the chosen pictures
from the Salting Bequest. It was a well-dressed crowd when I
joined it."

The little more and how much it is!

Mr. Punch Regrets.

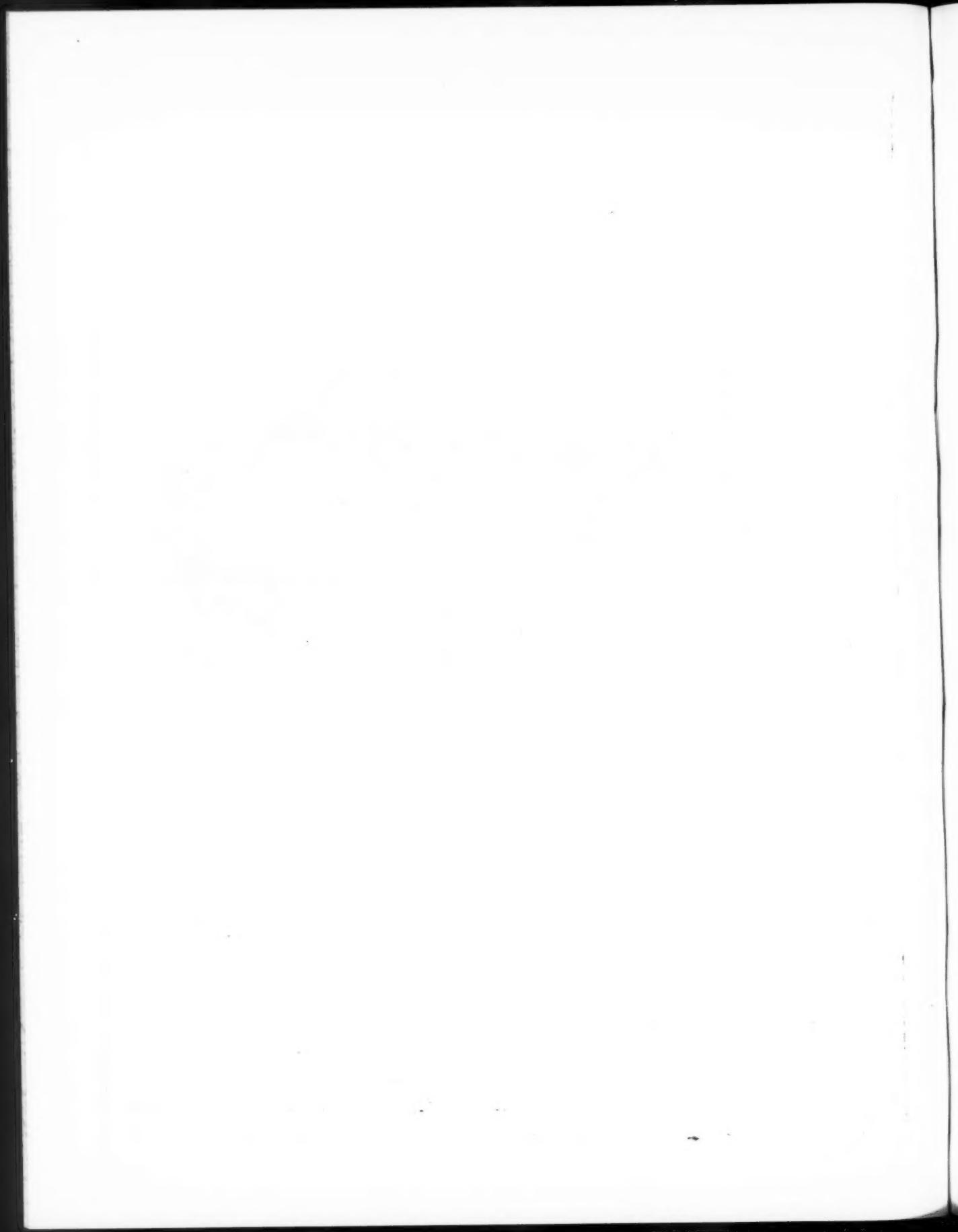
In a recent article in these pages, the name "Tarmac" was
given to a substance described as being composed of tar, sand
and sawdust. This has caused great and regrettable pain
in certain quarters. Mr. Punch is sorry that his contributor
should have employed the registered name of a distinguished
company that produces a road-material among whose in-
gredients neither sand nor sawdust plays any part at all—
not even so much as a walking part.



THE ONLY WAY.

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "THIS IS MIGHTY UNPLEASANT, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET INTO CONDITION FOR THE BIG EVENT SOMEHOW."

[According to the inspired Press, Mr. REDMOND is expected to give way on the Budget in view of the greater importance of the question of the Lords' Veto.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 15.
—Was it a blush on ingenuous countenance, or was it merely the tan on the sensitive cheek one brings home at this time of the year after brief sojourn on the sunny Riviera? Difference of opinion remains unsettled. Certainly when PREMIER entered just now from behind SPEAKER's Chair the rousing cheer from crowded benches of faithful followers that hailed his coming brought flush to his cheek.

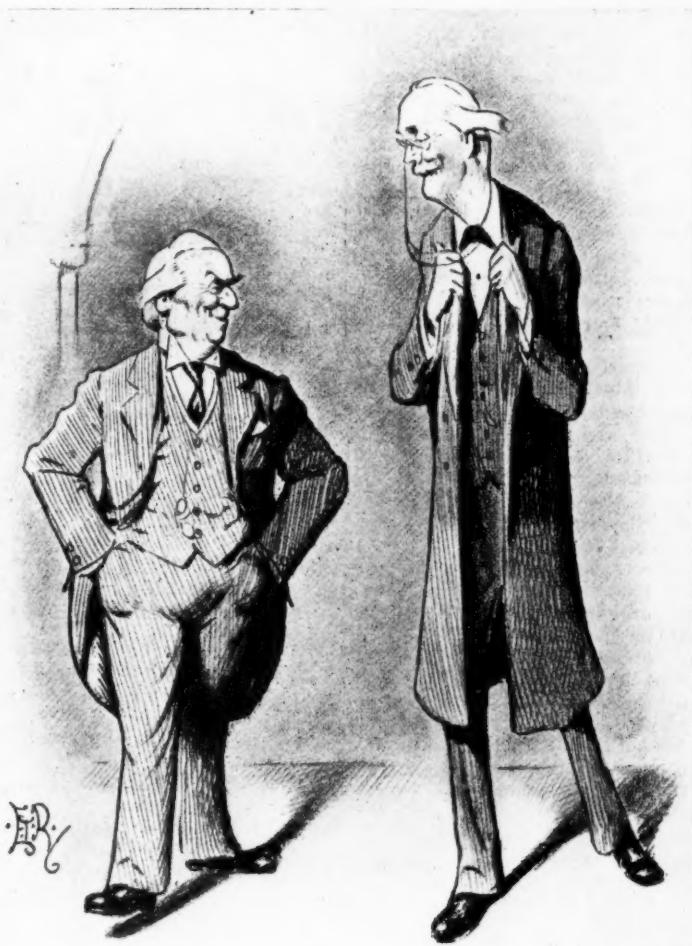
A minute later cheer taken up from other side as PRINCE ARTHUR lounged in with that air of studious casualness he preserves for these occasions. Happening to be passing by thought he might as well look in. And here he is, his white locks a never-ceasing surprise to us who remember him as far back as Fourth Party days. Makes no sign of recognition of the gladsome shout of welcome. Cannot fail to recognise in it the loudest that for full four years has greeted his ear on entering House. The camp where his friends gather, a Deserted Village in the last Parliament, now holds a teeming population, glad they are alive and safely seated.

No SPEAKER in the Chair, for like the Spanish fleet on a memorable occasion, he is not yet in sight. No Mace on the Table. Presently enters BLACK Rod, a vision in courtly garb that awes new Members who have never looked on the like before. At times when House is fully constituted, with SPEAKER enthroned, BLACK Rod advances to table with carefully counted steps, thrice making low obeisance. This afternoon, his goal a Maceless Table, an empty Chair, he with nice discrimination bows only once as he crosses the Bar.

Brings a summons to this "honourable House immediately to attend the House of Peers to hear the King's Commission read." The Clerk of the House, like *Cophetua* with a difference, steps down in wig and gown and leads the way. The PREMIER promptly follows. Finding himself alone, he looks shyly round and, seeing PRINCE ARTHUR, awaits his coming. So they walk out, side by side, in friendly converse, as if the General Election had vanished like a frigid nightmare, or as if all the hard words spoken had been calculated benisons.

After brief interval flock of Members who followed their Leaders to Bar of House of Lords stream back again. They have received instructions to "repair to the place where you are to sit and there proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker." "Some proper person," forsooth! "Repair to the House where you are to sit," quotha.

In the phrase is uneanny echo of the



"SO THEY WALK OUT, SIDE BY SIDE."

Asquith. "Well, my dear Arthur, this is better than climbing up those confounded ladders, anyhow!"

Arthur B. "Yes; but there's no telling how soon we shall be on 'em again, that's the worst of it!"

formula occasionally heard in criminal courts of justice, where the prisoner in the dock is ordered to "return to the place whence you came" as a preliminary to being "hanged by the neck till you are dead."

However, DON'T KEIR HARDIE says we'll change all that by-and-by.

The Resolution "that the Right Hon. JAMES WILLIAM LOWTHER do take the Chair in this House as Speaker" committed to charge of PAPA BURR, who, somewhat late in life, finds himself Father of a family 669 strong. A little embarrassed with sudden situation and unwonted responsibility. A proud position for the pit-boy of sixty years ago to be hailed Father of the House of Commons, its honoured spokesman in proposing the election of the SPEAKER.

Embarrassment only temporary. PAPA BURR, content to be himself (than who there is no better chap), delivered speech that had the charm of earnestness, the winsomeness of simplicity.

By flash of dramatic instinct, PRINCE ARTHUR "presented" HARRY CHALIN to second the motion. Impossible to conceive a wider difference in individuality, honourable to both, than here came to the front. Strikingly illustrative of the universality of the House and the rigidity of its democratic principle of the equality of man when duly elected M.P.

Murmur greeted one sentence of the ex-Squire of Blankney's speech.

"I am confident," he said, "I shall have the support of every single gentleman who is present in the House to-day" in extolling the SPEAKER-elect.

Why this invidious distinction? Why should married men be ostentatiously excluded from the computation? Perhaps nothing meant. Nevertheless it rather chilled enthusiasm for the moment. Welled forth again when Mr. LOWTHER, *Dick Whittington* of the Parliamentary story, thrice Speaker of the House of Commons, returned to his old familiar place.

Business done—SPEAKER elected.

Wednesday.—Process of swearing-in Members occupied sitting. A dull performance, growing in weariness as the hours passed and resembled each other. At four o'clock it seemed feebly dying out. There were not more than half-a-dozen Members waiting their turn. Suddenly there was quickened movement at the Table where the Clerks sat. One rose, and approaching Sir COURtenay ILBERT, who stood by the brass-bound box administering the Oath and overlooking Members as they signed the roll of Parliament, made whispered communication.

At this moment there slowly emerged from behind SPEAKER's Chair a bent figure leaning on the arm of Sir AUSTEN, in his left hand a stick, behind him Lord MORPETH, newly appointed Whip of a non-existent Party long ago merged in the ranks of Toryism. Murmured conversation among the few Members present abruptly hushed, when, looking up, they beheld what seemed the wraith of the once foremost, fiercest fighter in the Parliamentary lists.

It was, in truth, DON JOSÉ come to sign his name (or see it signed for him) on the roll of the new Parliament to which he had been triumphantly elected. Painfully pacing the passage between Table and Treasury Bench, he by chance dropped into the seat next to that usually occupied by the Leader of the House. Time was when he was accustomed at critical epochs to rise thence from the side of GLADSTONE and break the serried ranks of Conservative Opposition with irresistible dash. Later, from the same place, he leaped to his feet amid thunderous cheers from Conservative colleagues to prod old political friends with remorseless lance. Always, in whichever position, under whatsoever

passed out, and the curtain fell upon the most pathetic scene witnessed on the Parliamentary stage within the memory of living man.

Business done—Members sworn in.

Thursday.—Every one glad to see the BROTHERS WASON back again. Pleasure furtively increased by observation that during General Election neither has added a cubit to his stature. As their united heights aggregate 14 feet 9 inches, and their weight brings the scale down at 26 stone 5 pounds per brother, such unearned increment would be superfluous. But when a habit is formed one never knows when it may not suddenly assert itself.

Their good nature, kindness of heart, and popularity on both sides of House are equal to these manly proportions. A little incident, perhaps not known outside House, dwelt upon with pleased reflection by old Members, is characteristic of their consideration for others. When CATHCART was returned for Orkney ten years ago, BROTHER EUGENE was already seated as Liberal Member for Clackmannan. Obvious danger of overdoing things if both sat on same side. House might heel over, like ship whose cargo had shifted to starboard or to larboard. Accordingly CATHCART took his seat on Unionist side, almost exactly balancing EUGENE on t'other.

After a while, having made cautious experiments, they discovered that their fears were illusory, and CATHCART crossed over to join his brother. Takes same position in new Parliament.

SARK had some uneasy moments previous to opening of campaign in Orkney. It was rumoured that EUGENE, triumphantly re-elected at Clackmannan, was going North to help his brother. As SARK said, in such case the little island would forthwith have been proclaimed as a Congested District.

Happily idea was abandoned. Clear that brother CATHCART, whether he posed as Unionist or Liberal, was the man for Orkney, needing no extraneous assistance. Thus it proved, and the Bounding Brothers from Brobdingnag, each returned by his old constituency, are back again.

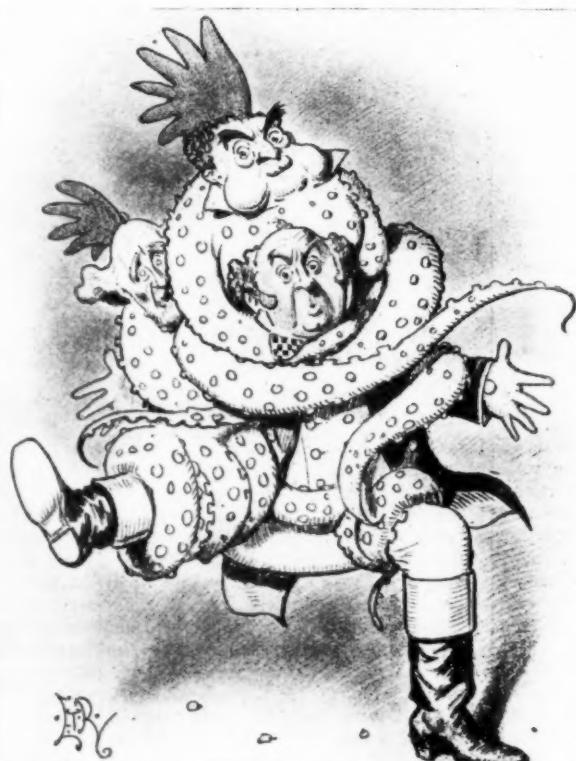
It is understood that the SPEAKER has ruled that, as



"GOG" OF CLACKMANNAN AND "MAGOG" OF THE ORKNEYS.

The brothers (Eugene and Cathcart) Wason, circumstances, he dominated a crowded House.

Now he sat there whispering the words of the Oath recited to him by the Clerk, touching with trembling pen the signature another wrote for him on the roll of Parliament. This done, he slowly



"DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS. GO AND SEE 'THE FOLLIES.'"

With acknowledgments to the talented designer of the famous poster.

[On Thursday night Mr. Asquith attempted to shake off the cares of state by a visit to "The Follies" at the Apollo Theatre.]



Sportsman (from far bank). "HULLO, OLD CHAP! GOING TO WAIT FOR LOW TIDE?"

in the last Parliament, their votes shall count only two on a division.

Business done.—Policeman at Lobby-door tells me "they're still swearin' like anythink."

FURTHER DEALINGS WITH PETER.

We have given some account of the gospel of Peterism, in our reference last week to MR. PETER KEARY's new book, *Success after Failure*, the sub-title of which is *Some Men who have Got Out and Got On*: enough perhaps to indicate what an admirable and satisfying creed PETER's is. To make money: that is getting on. To fail to make it: that is getting out. You can conceive of his scorn for the non-arrivers, so to speak, only by reading his pages.

PETER cannot get over his adoration of the men who as boys began by doing the wrong thing and then found their true walk in life and succeeded in it. He calls that getting out and getting on. But his book is otherwise so American that one marvels at this insistence on such a commonplace of existence; for no American of twenty-five is doing what he was doing at twenty; and no American of thirty is doing what he was

doing at twenty-five. The change from a youthful mistake to a congenial course is not anything to write books about, PETER. That is not necessarily admirable.

Nothing so infuriates PETER as solitaries and lovers of nature. BORROW, for example, enrages him—BORROW, the "useless tramp," who dared to waste his life in roaming about this interesting world studying men and adding language to language. No money in it, says PETER; and then, hypnotised by the fame of *Lavengro*, he drags BORROW into his pages, all unconscious that the reason he wrote *Lavengro* and got on was purely his systematic getting out (in PETER's phrase) while he was preparing to write it.

THOREAU, too, the recluse of New England, whose ear was so near to nature's heart—PETER cannot do with him; he calls him a tramp too, and yet finding that THOREAU, as well as BORROW, wrote books which are among the best hundred, into his tin Valhalla THOREAU also is kicked forthwith. "In with you," says PETER, "you're a feckless ass, and you never paid income-tax in your life, but in some extraordinary way you made a reputation, and I can't afford to appear ignorant of you."

But, PETER, it won't do. You can't

have it both ways. You don't care a fig for BORROW and THOREAU. Have you ever read either? Anyhow you are not going to presume on their genius to patronise them without a protest. How dare you say they got out? You know they did not, any more than HEINE, or DARWIN, or NEWTON, whom you also beslayer. You know perfectly well they did not get out, they merely developed slowly in a non-Petrine way.

So back to your real heroes—your GAMAGES and CARNEGIES and ROCKEFELLERS—and leave the quiet and the great alone.

After such a bewildering example as THOREAU, one wonders that PETER did not overcome his disgust for ST. FRANCIS of Assisi and drag him in too. Because, although this Italian gentleman gave up all he had and was so anti-social and un-Petrine as to found an order of mendicants, wasted his time and brains in being kind to animals, had no banking account whatever—no rows of shops in Assisi, no villa just outside with a double coach-house; although this was so, yet he made the *Fioretti*, and one feels that, had PETER been told of the popularity of the *Little Flowers*, he might have relented. For a book that has gone into many editions always

brings him to his knees. Then we should have had: "Eccentric Italian who after years of wasted meditation and unprofitable charities writes a book that has consoled thousands." For that is PETER's way. But no one told him of the *Little Flouers*, and so the Saint escapes.

ORDEAL BY PLETHYSMograph.

An emotion-indicator has just been invented by an American, who has given it the pretty name of "plethysmograph." As illustrated in last week's *Sketch*, it consists of a dial connected by tubing with an india-rubber bag which is filled with water and drawn tight after the insertion of the patient's hand. If the heart is stirred, in spite of this damp proceeding, by the recital of any name or otherwise, the involuntary acceleration of the pulse will be shown by the index.

If this ingenious device is generally adopted, we think a lot of trouble will be saved and breaches of promise avoided. Every properly equipped young woman who contemplates getting married will have this apparatus and a jug of water within easy reach in the front parlour when a possible choice is paying a call. It is true the operation somewhat resembles the pouring of a can of water down the sleeve of the Boy Scout who is caught using bad language, but the lady must not flinch, even if the experiment might result in a similar flow of eloquence. She must request her visitor to turn up his shirt-cuff and take a plunge into the lucky bag. (If he is restive or maladroit, she had better conduct him to the pantry or places where there is a sink.) She will then repeat to him all the feminine names she can think of, and at the same time keep an eye on the index. If her own name scores the highest reading, she may accept his attentions as serious. If inconstancy is suspected, it would be as well to take a weekly test, and the figures could be neatly inscribed on a card, as is done by the gas-inspector. This will put an end to the "He-loves-me-he-loves-me-not" state of mind. An identical programme can be carried out by the gentleman, if he can inveigle the girl to play at being wet-bob.

In the law-courts, too, the plethysmograph bids fair to be invaluable. A secretive witness with his fist in the water-bag will, in the intervals of sneezing, reveal by the gyrations of the indicator when the opposing counsel has dealt him a home-thrust. Any attempt at perjury will, so to speak, let the cat out of the bag, and be recorded on a chart for the inspection of the jury. We are, in fact, going back to the good old Anglo-Saxon ordeal, and shall have to wear our hearts upon, or rather, inside an india-rubber sleeve.

AT THE PLAY.

"TANTALISING TOMMY."

MR. CYRIL MAUDE's new production at the Playhouse (by PAUL GAVAUT and MICHAEL MORTON) is not a notable addition to the British drama, but it is a very pleasant after-dinner entertainment. I should have enjoyed it still more if Miss MARIE LÖHR had not made an entirely unnecessary appearance in pyjamas at the end of the First Act. This, I have no doubt, will be spoken of as the great feature of the play; even now it may be on posters all over England; but there will be many to regret this appearance of the musical comedy touch in connection with Miss LÖHR. Mind you, I have nothing against



LIFE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

*James Cottenham . . . Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Tommy Miss MARIE LÖHR.*

pyjamas quâd pyjamas, possessing indeed several pretty pairs of my own, and having had for many years the privilege of gazing at a sufficient number of others through shop-windows; what I object to is the cold-blooded manner in which they are introduced to us on this occasion.

The Great Pyjama Scene is reached in this way. *James Cottenham*, an elderly young clerk at the Colonial Office, is spending the week-end at his country cottage with his friend, *Harry Killick*. Late at night a car breaks down outside the cottage; the station is miles away, and there are no other houses near. *James*, greatly to his disgust (he is a shy, old-fashioned person), has to offer hospitality to the owner of the car, *Miss Pepper*, commonly called *Tommy*. He gives up his room to her, and sleeps on a sofa downstairs. Also he lends her a pair of pyjamas. The curtain might have fallen here, but it does not. *Tommy* retires to her room, and some minutes later appears at the door of it in the pale blue silk ones. . . . Tableau, Curtain, Posters, etc., etc.

(Looking at them from another point of view, do elderly young clerks in the Colonial Office wear blue silk pyjamas? I think not. Do they wear pyjamas at all? I should doubt it very much. Ten to one anybody who has to spend the day in an old-fashioned Government office spends the night in an old-fashioned nightshirt.)

If you care to remain after the great scene is over, you will find much to amuse you in *Tommy's* wooing of *James* (Mr. CYRIL MAUDE) under the watchful eye of *Killick* (Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS). Mr. DOUGLAS's *Killick* is the best performance of the evening. He, more than anybody, enters into the spirit of the farce, and makes no pretence to take it seriously. But, though I did not take it seriously myself, I should like to believe that the lunching scene at the Colonial Office was really possible. You see from the picture how jolly it would be.

M.

A BALLADE OF DIFFICULT CHEERFULNESS.

We thank the Muse to-day
For finding us a theme,
The burden of our lay
Unruffled self-esteem.
We care not o'er centime
How badly things may go;
The worse—the more we scream:
Are we downhearted? No!

For Tories, far away
Their future triumphs gleam,
And heartily they say
Things are not what they seem.
Their own defeat they deem
A triumph o'er the foe,
And shout, to work up steam:
Are we downhearted? No!

What of the Rads? do they
Despondently blaspheme?
No, that is not their way,
The trials of their régime
Spur on their eager team:
With zeal they simply glow,
And cry with joy supreme:
Are we downhearted? No!

The Muse's sacred stream
(Our verse) may backward flow; *
Still of success we'll dream:
Are we downhearted? No!
* Cf. EURIPIDES: ἀνοικοτάτων λεπάνη χωροῖς
ταραι—evidently referring to rejected contributions.

"The New Cabs . . . will have powerful motors and will likely be worked on the hexameter system."—*The Colonist*.

Motto for the new Cabs: "We scan alone."

Depreciation.

"DISSOLVED Acetylene Outfit, complete with gauge and polished mahogany box; cost £11,000; condition as new; price £7 net."—*The Autocar*.



"I TOLD MY OPINIONS FREE AND HOPEN IN THE 'ARF BRICK.' I SEZ, WOTEVER 'APPENS TO THE COUNTRY NAH, I SEZ, PAR'LMENT CAN SETTLE FOR ALL I CARES. I'VE WASHED MY 'ANDS O' POLITICS!"

HEREDITARY MINSTRELS.

GREAT excitement prevails in Parnassian circles over the forthcoming banquet of the Poetry Recital Society to be held early in April. What lends peculiar interest to the gathering is the fact that the guests will include as many of the descendants of the greater poets as possible.

Already the attendance is assured of descendants of WORDSWORTH and BROWNING, but we understand that the following eminent personages will also grace the gathering by their presence.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, as the spiritual descendant of the illustrious laureate, PYE.

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, by virtue of her Christian name.

The Proprietor of Scott's Restaurant as representing SCOTT, CRABBE, SPRAT and SHELLEY.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER, as a descendant of the famous lyrist.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, as writer to the Cygnet of Avon.

Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY, as representing Sir PHILIP of that ilk.

Miss JESSIE POPE on behalf of the Sage of Twickenham.

Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, the great-great-grand nephew of the author of the *Ode to the Passions*.

Mr. JOHN BURNS has readily signified his intention of attending the banquet and will recite a poem of which the first stanza runs as follows:—

"Rads, wha hae wi' Gladstone bled,
Rads, wham 'Honest John' has led,
Strike the caitiff Tories dead—
Hech for Battersea!"

Another interesting feature of the feast will be the recitation by the Right Hon. Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD of *The Song of the Whip*, a poignant ballad which opens with these memorabile lines:—

"Whip! Whip! Whip!
With a weary and aching head,
Till you long to give your Party the slip
And go straight home to bed."

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL's contribution to the post-prandial programme

will take the form of a stirring appeal to the conscience of City men, entitled *The Battle with the Baltic*.

The admirers of ELIZA COOK have addressed an urgent appeal to her polar namesake to attend on her behalf, but no answer has yet been received. We understand, however, that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE will be present, and sing a song entitled *Paradise and the Peary*.

"All literary and artistic Paris were present yesterday evening at the dress rehearsal of M. Rostand's farmyard play *Chantecler*, which has been repeatedly postponed since 1503!"—*Egyptian Morning News*.

That's how legends grow and grow and grow.

"Lady Castlereagh is married to another politician, Viscount Castlereagh, who is the heir of the Marquis of Londonderry, having been selected for Maidstone last month."

Hearst and Home.

Why object to the hereditary principle when it is apparently settled by the people at the polls?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE have been a great many *ingénues* (mock or real) in modern fiction, and doubtless one or two in actual life; but there was never one inside a book or out of it who came within a four-mile cab-radius of *Margarita*. She had been brought up on a desolate strip of Atlantic beach by shadowy and mysterious parents, and when *Roger Bradley* met her on Broadway her innocence was positively sky-scraping. She did not even know her own surname, but she was marvellously beautiful, and *Roger*, like a sensible fellow, married her immediately and then started educating her. The method adopted by INGRAHAM LOVELL in telling the story of *Margarita's Soul* and by Mr. JOHN LANE in publishing it is rather unusual. The book bears the sub-title of *The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty* (supposed to be the hopeless admirer of the heroine and bosom-friend of the hero); it is profusely illustrated, and the chapters are prefaced by extracts (also illustrated) from *Sir Hugh and the Mermaid*; much of it is in the form of letters and extracts from diaries; and the writer has a curious way of introducing well-known names, sometimes with letters omitted, as, for instance, General B—H, and sometimes not, as in the cases of WHISTLER, STEVENSON, and DU MAURIER. The last-named, by the way, made a picture of *Margarita* on one occasion, but withdrew it "from the all but printed page" of *Punch* at the request of her husband. This was a pity, because Mr. T. SCOTT WILLIAMS' romantic black-and-white work has not entirely convinced me that this young prima donna (bless your soul, of course she became a prima donna) was quite worthy of the adoration she aroused in *Winfred Jerrolds*. Much the cleverest feature of the story, of which I should guess a good part to be transcribed from actual experience, is to be found in the letters from *Sue Paynter* to the narrator; and for these alone the book is well worth reading.

It was once my lot to accompany a small patriot to a performance of *An Englishman's Home*, from which he returned with the unexpected remark that the funny young man who refused to defend his country was "jolly decent, but the volunteer was a prig." Something like the same unfortunate result seems to have attended my own reading of *The Fool of Folly* (MILLS AND BOON). It is clear that M. URQUHART meant it to show how a knowledge of the unseen world about us, and belief in its mysterious influence could distinguish the Elect, even amid the prosaic life of a suburb. That, I am sure, was the idea; but it pains me to confess that after reading it my sympathies went entirely on the wrong side. Brutally put, the behaviour and conversation of the Elect seemed to me a peculiarly annoying form of psychic snobbery. There were two of them—or

three, if you include the village idiot, the "fool" of the title—*Hilary Gibbon*, an Irish lad with gray eyes and a brogue, and *Gillian Clarkson*, who was living at the vicarage during the absence of her husband. *Gillian* had flame-coloured hair and an appreciation for Celtic poetry; she and *Hilary* used to go and talk it together in a wood, and when they missed the last train home the Suburb said some sharp things about them. Quite rightly, too. Eventually *Hilary* is drowned in trying to rescue the idiot, and with the return of *Gillian's* husband the book ends, sadly or not as you like to take it. Personally I did not much mind either way, as its only effect upon me was to rouse a kind of irritated common-sense which made me almost ashamed of my most cherished beliefs—even of the times when *Tinker Bell* has been revived by my applauding palms. It is all very unfortunate.

No, you are quite wrong about *The Prime Minister's Secret*; you're thinking of a different Prime Minister. This one was *Lord Penshurst*. For three years he carried a secret document about with him (instead of sending it to Chancery Lane, like a sensible man), and at last it was stolen by *Captain Melun*.

The noble Captain offered to reveal the secret to Germany unless he was given half a million pounds and the Prime Minister's daughter; *Lord Penshurst* was prepared with the half-million, but drew the line distinctly at *Melun* as a son-in-law. How the crisis was averted by *Sir Paul Westerham* is told by W. HOLT WHITE in this exciting story which FISHER UNWIN publishes. The book is full of delightful things like this: "He felt a little cold ring of steel pressed against his right



IF THE FARMYARD PLAY DEVELOPS WE MAY EXPECT A NEW TYPE OF ACTOR TO BE EVOLVED.

PROBABLE SCENE IN A THEATRICAL CLUB OF THE FUTURE.

temple." . . . "Instantly two men jumped from their seats and put their backs against the door. As they stood there they drew their knives." . . . "But *Melun* was first, and the revolver which he had whipped out covered the other man's breast." . . . "Driven hard up to the hilt, straight through the man's heart, was a knife, which *Westerham* instantly recognised as one of his own." . . . "Lying on the top of a little pile of shavings was a human ear. 'Oh, God,' cried the Premier, 'it's my daughter's.' " (I always love that.) . . . "Then as he stood there with his eyes bent on her hair he heard the sickening thud as *Melun's* body fell on to the stones below." . . . So it all ends happily—for it was the wrong ear, and the secret had not been revealed to Germany after all. If you like this sort of thing as much as I do you will certainly read Mr. WHITE's book in one breathless sitting.

"In the pockets of a thirteen-year-old Arbroath boy found crying in the streets of Glasgow were an electric lamp and £30. He left home on Monday to start upon the career of a highwayman."

To have collected £30 in a couple of days—and in Scotland too—was not bad work, and we don't see what he had to complain about.